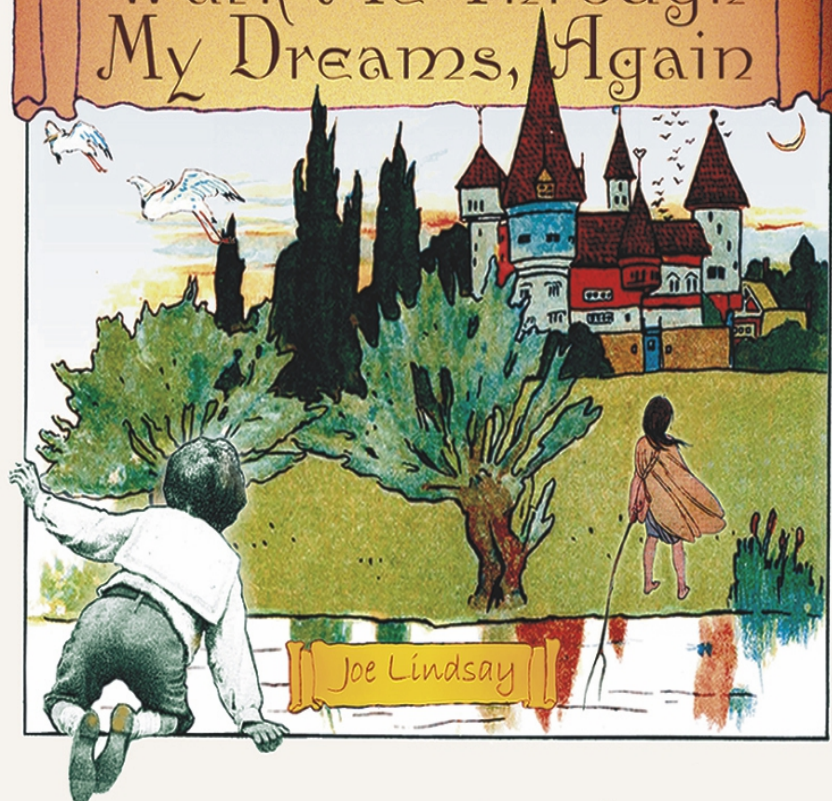




Walk Me Through
My Dreams, Again



Joe Lindsay

A Picture Book of Verses

Walk Me Through My Dreams, Again

‘A Picture Book Of Verses’

WRITINGS BY JOE LINDSAY

Artwork by the masters of The Golden Age of Illustration:

Kate Greenaway, Arthur Rackham,
Jessie Willcox Smith, Walter Crane,
Willy Pogany, Charles & William Heath Robinson,
Warwick Goble, Aubrey Beardsley,
Helen Stratton, Edmund Dulac,
Maxfield Parrish, Ida Rentoul Outhwaite,
Blanche Fisher Wright, Robert Anning Bell,
Byam Shaw, Alice B. Woodward, et al.

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‘A Picture Book Of Verses’

BY JOE LINDSAY

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Preserve and protect our environment.”*



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With grace and magic.

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Donovan, Bob Dylan,
Woody Guthrie, Leonard Cohen, and Paul Simon.

The wonderful illustrators,
And our online historical depositories of books.

Emily Dickinson,
And J.M. Barrie's Peter Pan.



R.H. Sauter, M.L. Attwell



R.H. Sauter

Previous books:

Rhymes For The Passing Ripples, 1976 ©,
The Record Label Guide For Domestic LPs, 1985 ©,
Picture Discs Of The World Price Guide, 1990 ©,
In Wake Of A Dream, 1998 ©,
By Joe Lindsay.

The Complete Beatles U.S. Record Price Guide, 1983 ©,
published by O'Sullivan & Woodside, Phoenix,
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published by BIODisc and Perry Cox Ent.,
up through *The Official Price Guide To
The Beatles Records & Memorabilia*,
1st Edition, 1995 ©, published by
House of Collectibles,
By Perry Cox & Joe Lindsay.

BOOKS, PICTURES, IMAGINATION

"I came upon you long ago, like windswept words on shifting sands. Departing, you slipped through trembling hands."

Emily Dickinson first spirited into my life as a high school student via pop songs: "Dangling Conversation," and "For Emily, Where Ever I May Find Her," by Simon and Garfunkel. Thirty years later, she beckoned from the library shelves.

Thus began my magical voyage into the book of her complete poems. I was spellbound! My own words began to flow, many from the Land of Nod in surreal images and snippets of songs. Upon awakening, I'd pen a rhythmic record of the moment's clarity before it faded.

Last year, I discovered Kate Greenaway's art in a book from the university library. Her style and charm sent a far flung network of waves lapping remote regions of my past and inner being. I knew... I just knew doors were about to open.

From there came the fascinating works of Rackham, Goble, Willcox-Smith, and many other illustrators of children's books. Their pictures brought to life the stories of H.C. Andersen, R.L. Stevenson, Grimm brothers, L.F. Baum, etc.

The synthesis of literature and art exploded from the 1880s into the 1920s. Freedom of imagination, and education of society's mores reached its apogee during this Golden Age – to guide future generations of writers and artists of children's books.

We, each and all, were born with our own unique compass to navigate upward through this world; our own story to tell. All paths lead homeward as we slumber at night and move through the activities of each day.

Come now, if you please. Walk along with me, through pages of my own journey through life and dreams.



J.R. Neill

Looking back across the decades, only a folder of loose pages and two volumes of bound text remain in my possession:

Rhymes For The Passing Ripples, and *In Wake Of A Dream*.

This compilation represents writings from both significant eras:

My early twenties - driven by a restless gypsy wind, and

My late forties - pausing at a crossroads, called upon by duties.

BOOK I: 1971-1974

Most passages are from the book, *Rhymes For The Passing Ripples*, a travel diary of sorts. The journal of verse spans treks of several thousand miles over countless roads, mostly hitch-hiking throughout the western states, touching down in Mexico and up across Canada.

These writings touch on the hopes streaming upward into dark howling clouds at the end of a magical, yet turbulent era, the Sixties. A few selections, herein, were included in the unfinished, musical production, *Reapers Of The Last Harvest*. Music was created, arranged and taped by hometown mates in a Cincinnati recording studio as demos.

BOOK II: 1995-1998

Most verbal sketches are from *In Wake Of A Dream*, which germinated during a year spent on the Olympic Peninsula, Washington. I began writing after moving into an old farmhouse (built 1850) in rural Indiana.

This was a time to reflect, reconnect with Mother Nature, and begin picking up the pieces. These writings, wholly inspired by Emily Dickinson, came bubbling up from a series of dreams.

Book One
1971-74

Reading between the lines

A boy sits in dismay
Wondering of all he saw
But daring not to say.



W. Crane, J. Willcox Smith

Ships sail in, rockets descend
To gather the children
And carry on the wind.



F.D. Bedford

I feel in my blood
The brewing of a storm
Before the flood.

Oh, but as a child
Impressionable as tender clay
The finger-pointing preacher
Denounced me in Christ's name
Unless I saw things his way.



J. Harbour, and H. Stratton

Oh, but as a child
Withdrawing inside completely
I hated the blade of the preacher man
And this god
Who let him slash me.



M.E. Webb

Cut my hand with a Bowie knife
Lived on the streets
Raised in strife.

Lifted my hand with a Bowie knife
I killed a lamb
Just the other night.

The pauper and the king came to me
Sayin' did I wish to wake
Or remain in sleep.

Thought I was dreamin' so I cut myself
Hopin' just to wake
But I bled like hell.



Barbelle, and anonymous

Blowed into town late last night
Like a tumbleweed under desert skies.

Reckon I'll look for work and a shack
Mebbe scarf the alleys with my gunny sack.



C. Robinson

"I see days to come like times before
When we all get together to do our chores."

Tumbleweed tracks always changin' direction
Movin' through life on the wayward wind
Mebbe Tucson town can lend a friend.



M.E.E.

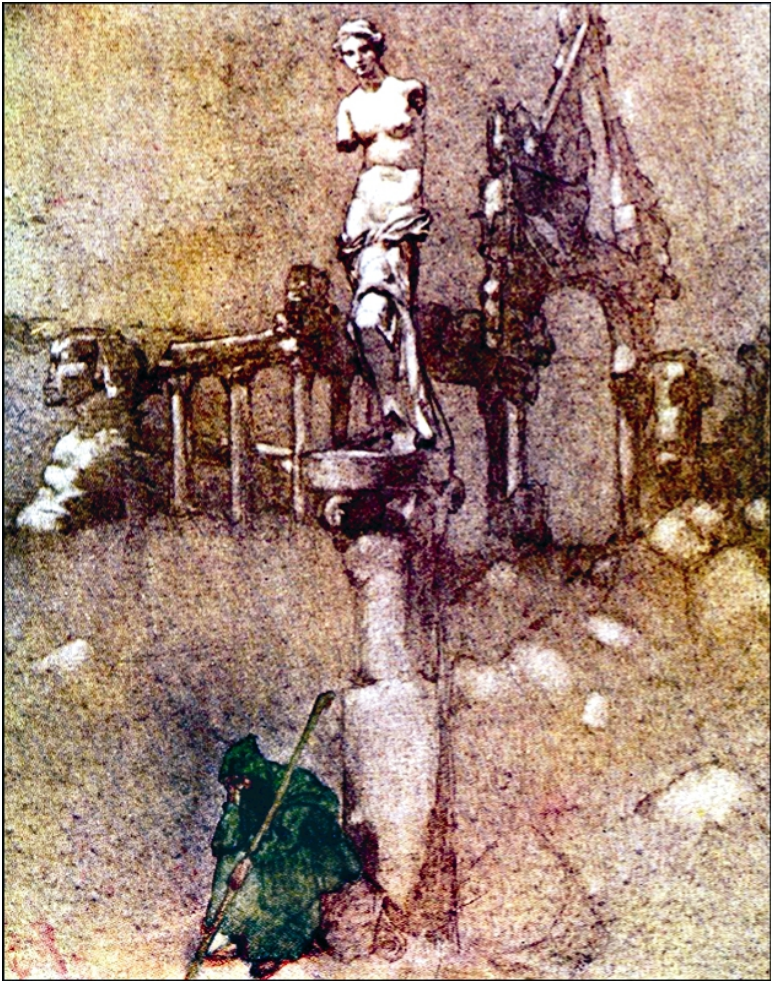
"I think I hear a tune, I knew a time before
The dog-eat-dog, and each to his own with chores."



C. Folkard

Ragged in the freight yard
A tear from far away
Boot heels playin' truckin' tunes
Not too much to say.

Here's for all the weary bikers
With rainbow in your eyes
And to all you lonesome riders
With sadness in ev'ry sigh
Searching through a dying world
That's torn but barely born.



W. Pogany

Hold fast till the end
There's a change around the bend

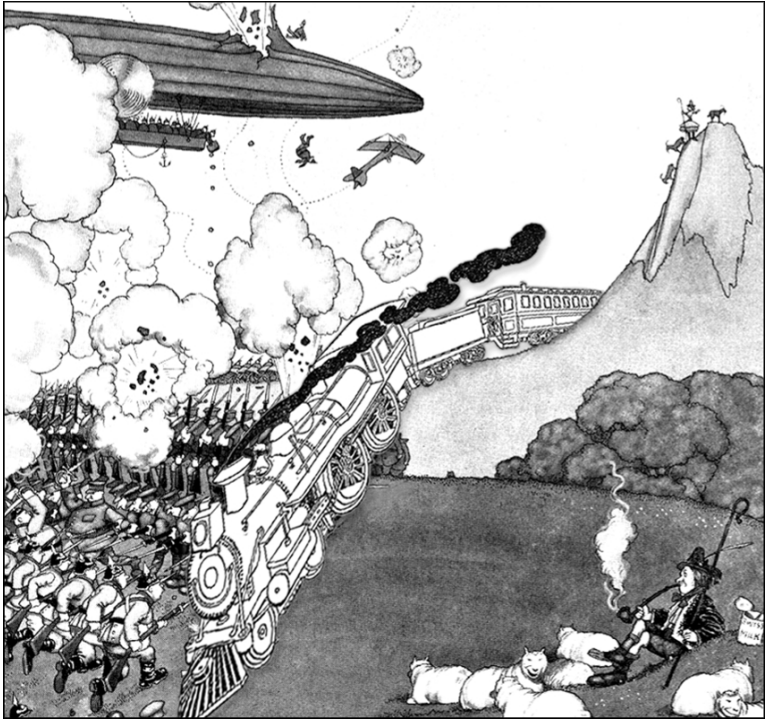


K. Greenaway

Lend each other a helping hand
Make a chain across the land.

Headin' for ole glory
Rollin' down the line
Can't slow down the train o' time
People rearin' to go.

Out the window I see the past roll by
Mebbe a new day movin' in
This leg of the trip has been
Like a funnel full o' wind.



W.H. Robinson, and G. Burgess

Always 'round the next bend
Home of a sort is callin'
From whatever town I'm in.



K. Greenaway

Through all your ups and downs
May love's quest and common sense
Be as close to your feet
As the ground.



W. Crane

When all my rhymin' words pass away
I hope the feelin' remains.
Seems each day
I got less to say.



K. Greenaway

"Tired ole man,
You're such a helpless kid.
Little boy lost
A mad river runs
I think ya' can cross."

Moon Child

Passing on the waters of life
By the pulse of the moon tide
My ship was cradling toward the womb
In a kiste - not the home.

I'd barely been born
Free of rippling sensations
To find myself fading
From the hopes of all my dreams.



H. Stratton

Rhymes For The Passing Ripples

Oh, the movements in hush
Falling - they rush
One by one...

The echoes in the well
Splashing pebbles - they spell
Rhymes for the passing ripples
Of this everyday runaround.



Howard Pyle

You might say
I was working on preserving the child
Living for today on a stallion wild.



H. Baker

Time now, to pay for the play
And finish up this silly book.

I'll leave you now
But someday, again
I'll be you... Somehow.



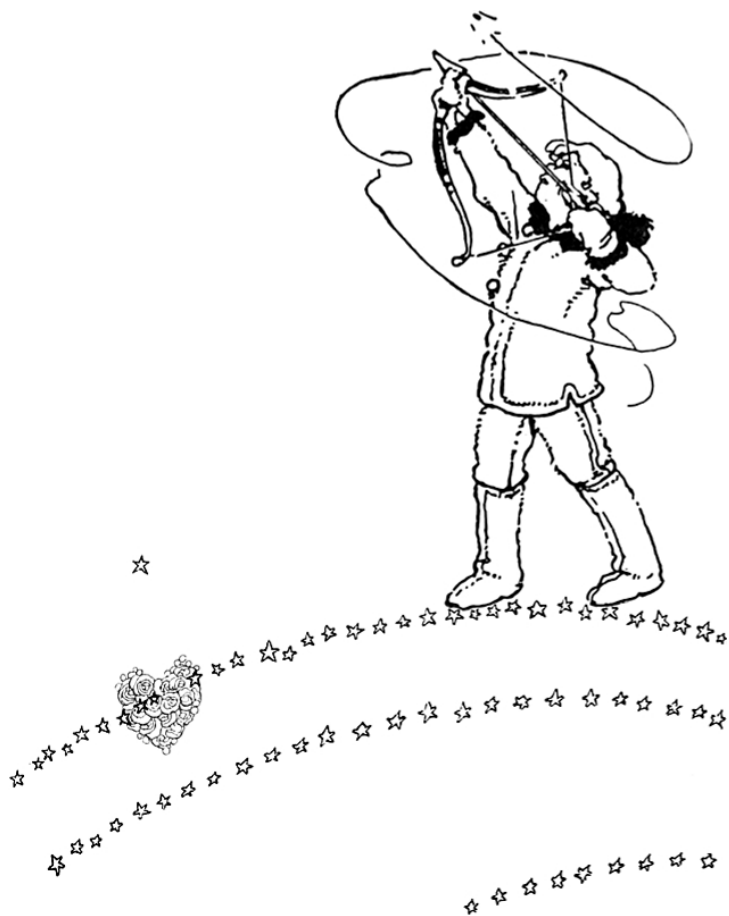
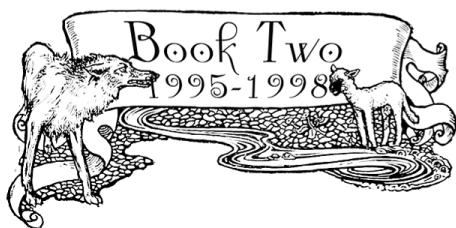
Anonymous

Maybe then, we can pull the plow
It's gotta be pulled
Anyhow.

And did no one let you know
Only love can bring you home
Love and only love.



H. Fisher & C.B. Falls



B. Shaw, A.B. Woodward, W. Pogany

Feel - the pulse of each lone word.
Sense the twine that binds.



L.L. Brooke, and W. Crane

Where lies
The splendor of meeting
The magnet of minds.



W.H. Robinson

Listen to old stories
Glistening new times.

The shade of trees sheltered
A child's unwinding wonder
Each step a new adventure.



J. Willcox Smith

Who never walked
Nor talked...
Skipping, he danced
Humming riddles and rhymes.

I believe I was four
You left me ravaged to the core.



T. Williams

You - beneath the waves
Me - adrift on seas
Uncharted
A fragile trust forever shattered.

Ancient shrouded scoundrels pass
Like barren trees - downcast
Neath the shifting, howling
Blue moons ago.



A. Rackham, and J. Bauer

Freaking shrieks echo
On shrinking four walls.

The hem of her gown
floats down the hall.

"It's only a dream, dear, go back to sleep.
Say a 'Hail Mary,'
Your soul to keep."



M.E.E.

I heard him say
Just the other day
"Lend me your wings
Cut loose those ragged boot strings."



W.C. Wyeth

Am I not the enemy of oppression?



M. Parrish

Death to the void of wakeful sleep
Preserve your gems to keep.

Beware, not my child
Of stormy seas.

Beware
- The routine -
Complacency.



E. Dulac



The owl
Unto the pitch of night
Circles its domain.

Alas
The comet's tail-light
Desire shines again.



W. Crane, A. Rackham

This road
As far as one can see
A string of valleys deep
This road.

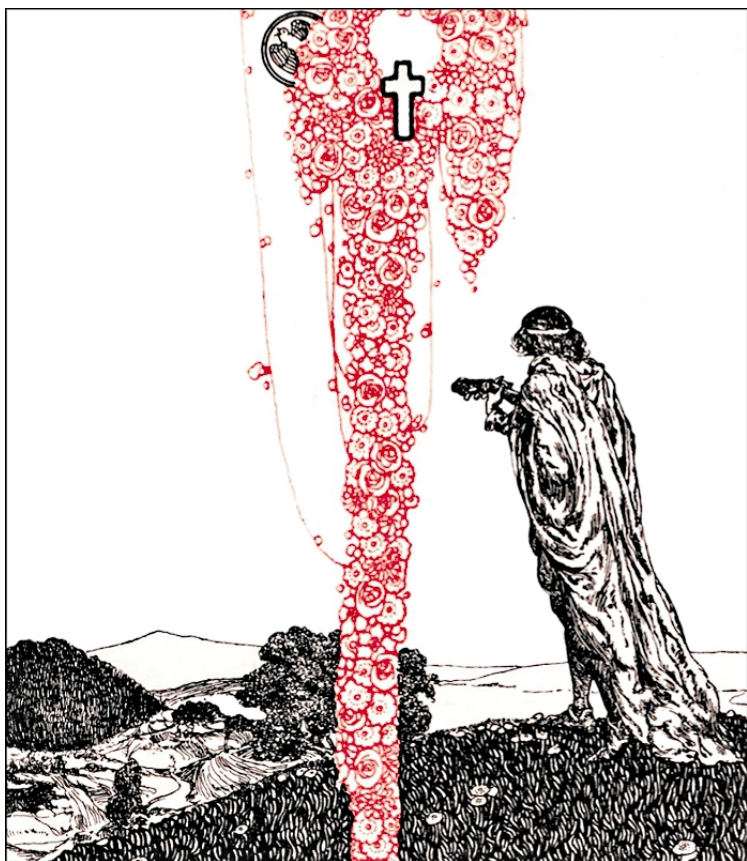
Late trees stripped naked
By sweeping winds
Soy and corn are harvested
I sift through season's end.

The dreaded part is not the past
Nor the state that I am ridden
Not the sight of numbing end
But being captive to what's hidden.



A. Rackham

..Forgive us as we forgive...
Lead us over pastures, Lord
And the weight of our chores
To trespass no more.



W. Pogany

Standing just standing
Long past the ridge road called Youth.
Standing just standing
Above the old river of Truth.



W. Goble

Step one before
Step one behind
Gather my footing on the hillside's decline.

No foot tracks to follow
No clearing once trodden
In the distance down yonder
A bountiful garden...

I rest on the rocks
Make through tall grass
And weeds of forgiveness
And thickets of peace
To make good the wrongs
That grieving might cease.

Sons and daughters
Lovers and wives
Fathers and mothers
Foe and friend alike.



J.W. Vawter

God bless, the tillers
Neath the risen Sun
The keepers of the rain
Now come.

God bless this meal
That all partake
In praise
Of thine own sake.



J. Willcox Smith

One day long ago
In a dream, it seems
But not so.

On waves of pure ecstasy
Cupid's arrow pierced
A wandering lad's
Heavy heart, so sad.



W. Green

I see your hands - release
Tired leaves
At Summer's end.



I.R. Outhwaite

Your eyes - all Winter long
Wax and wane
Though still the same.



H.S. Brès

A smile come Spring
The birds will bring
Their song to fill the air.
Hand to hand
You will be there.

Your lips upon the daisy
Hips sway like a blossom tree
Arms greet me 'neath the willow
Warm breasts, but one shall know.



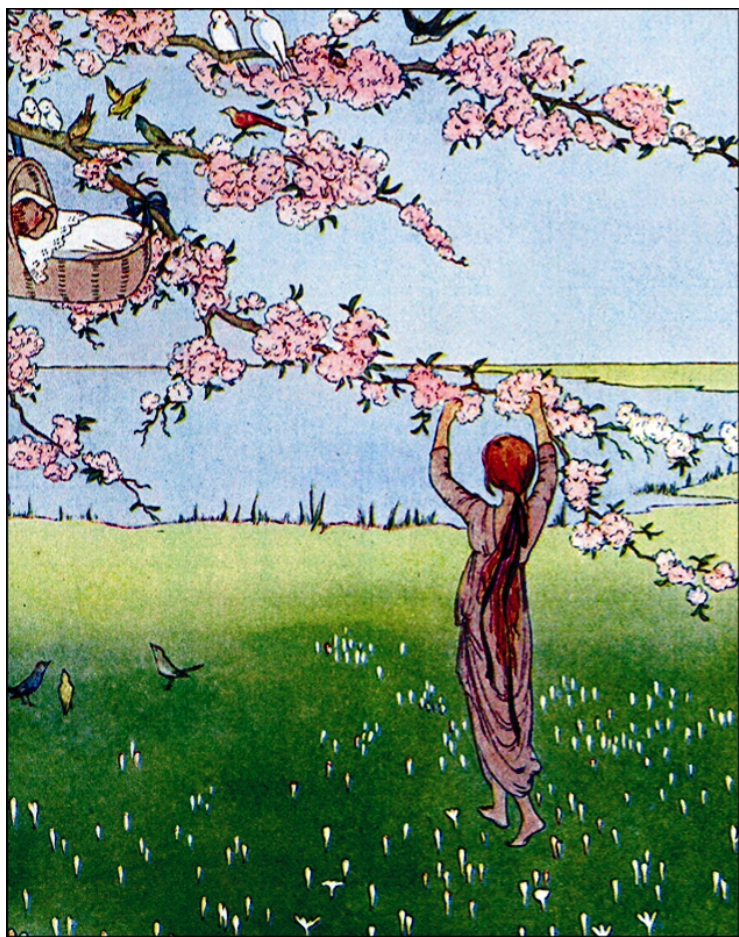
A. Rackham

Fleeting dreams
Seldom seen
Endear in wraps
May mornings bring.



E. Grossett

Engulf me in the waves of grass
Rest me on the robin's wing
The conductor of the song she sings
Bind our hearts to a Spring
Today and ever lasting.



H.W. Le Mair

Unto the edge of night
A reckless crew of youth
Inflamed dawn's gate
Enchanted by a flute.

Passed around
Down the ages
The inner ear of youth.



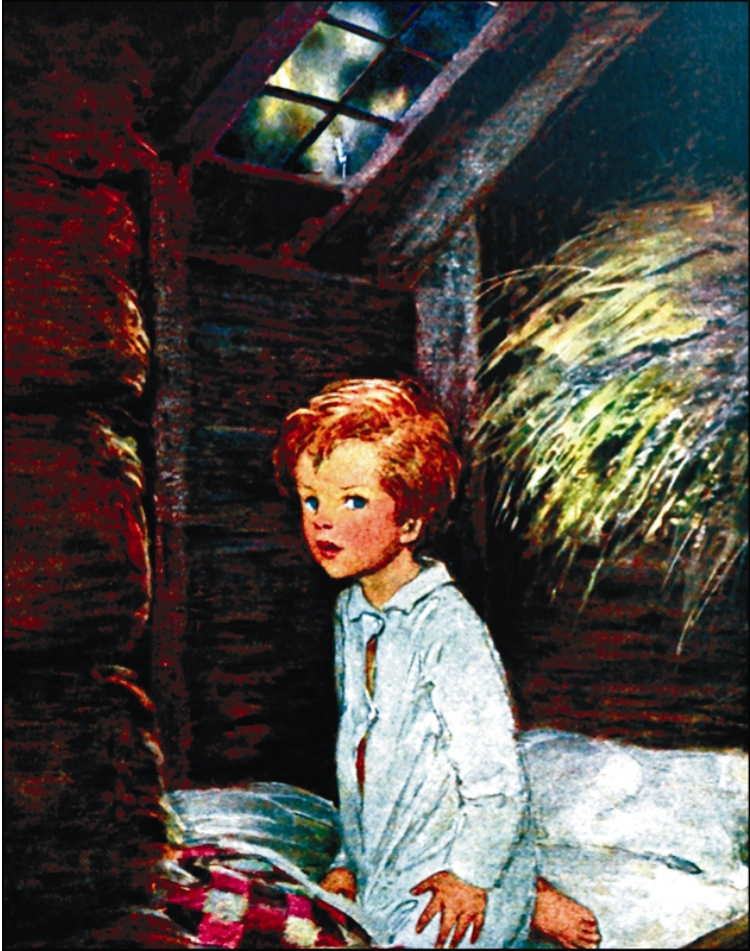
K. Greenaway

Walk me through my dreams again
Wide awake, may be
Clasp your gentle guiding hand
Awkward, I may be.



B. Fisher (Wright)

Time stands still, lightning strikes
Wide awake, may be
Come walk me through my dreams.



E. Dulac, and J. Willcox Smith

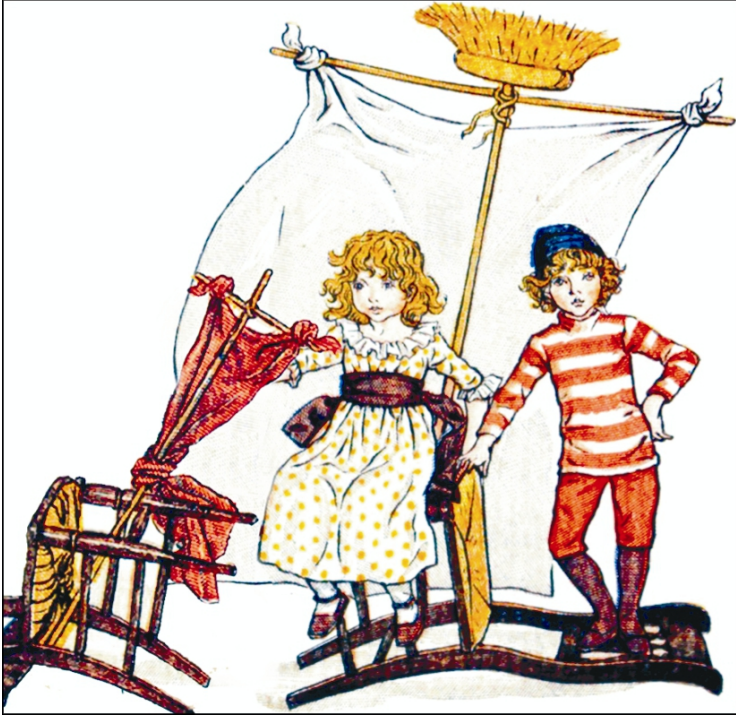
Down the slide and up the hill
Above the ancient trees
That long forgotten morning bell
Rushes to retrieve.



J. Willcox Smith

Tardy

Instructor speaks a distant tongue
While idle tots await
The ringing of the school bell
In dreamland's wakeful state.



K. Greenaway

Sea Sighs

Three soft ladies
Harmonize their melody
"Turned to sea
To see what I can see
Turn into sea."



W. Crane

From A Dream... Before Daybreak

While clothing me to meet
The slow stream of lights
Pass through dawn's deep fog
Emily whispered
"The faster you I become..."



A. Beardsley

In Wake Of A Dream

Unlock the door to that dusty library
Where words spring forth and dance about
From mythic verse of reverie.



H. Pyle

My blood drips to quicken your tattered pages
The fallen leaves of Summer spent with sages.



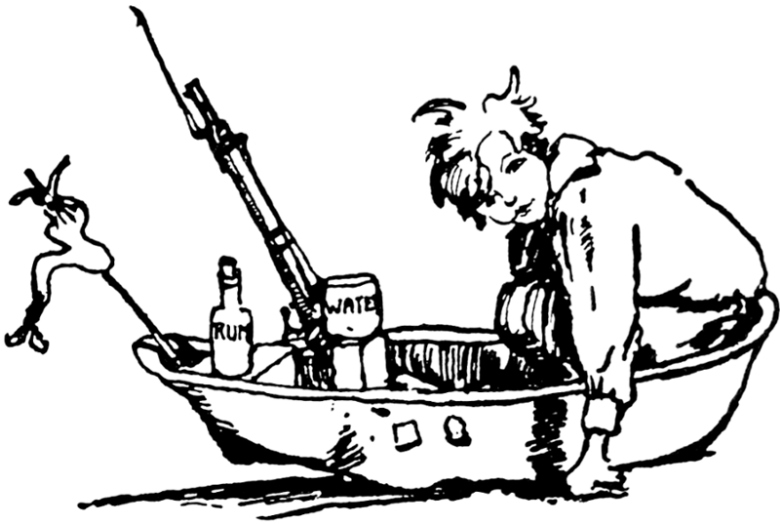
C.F. Arcie

I chose to spend my time
Digging a hole to forget
A heritage, I barely met.

In wake of a dream, the springlingawn
At daybreak
Moments - before I'd yawn.

Cup on the shelf
Cup in the sink
Cup rolling down the hill.

Eaves are stuffed with fallen leaves
The creek bed's running high
Moonlight bathes in rainbow
A vessel - parched and dry.



R.H. Sauter

Tired for the roses bent
Never stooped to see.

Wearied of the speed I went
- Harvest -
None for me?



R.A. Bell

When last I kissed the sea, "Goodbye,"
A lone stone asked me, "Why?"
I grasped the stone into my hand
And turned to cross the land.



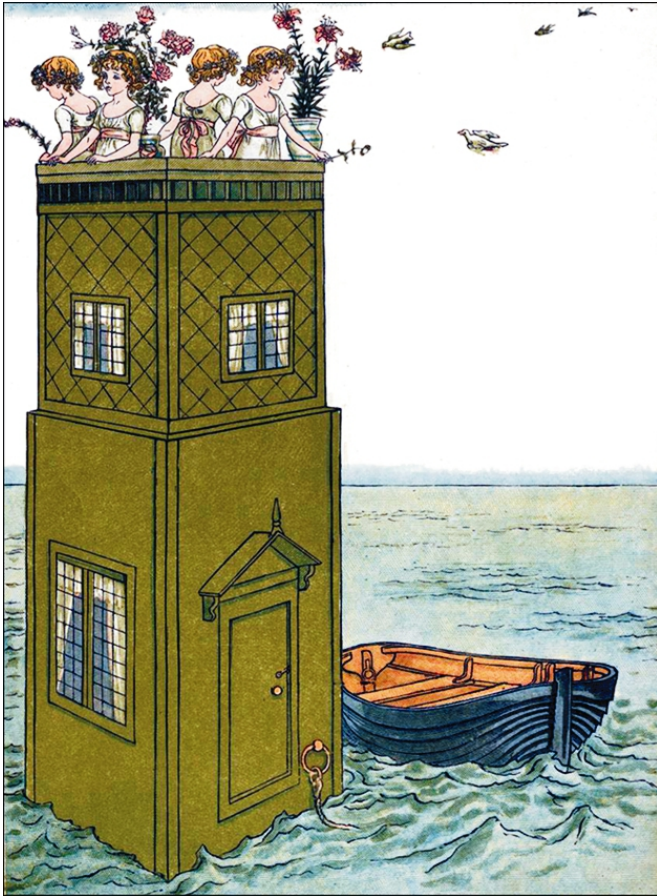
B. Fisher Wright

Next time
I explore those shores
That stone I will return.

Now lodged upon the cluttered mantle
In the shadow of a candle
That dusty stone - all alone
Need not ask me, "Why?"

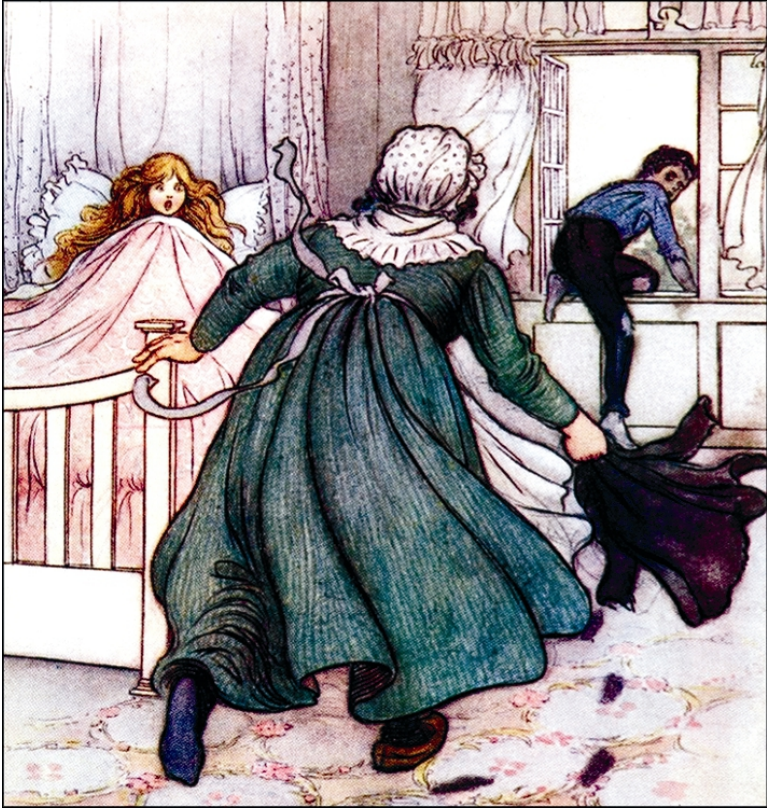
The slanted sun of Spring and Fall
No glare to snare the eye
Refocus soft - the fact for all
And grasp the tender side.

Guests bring laughs and company
And late nights by the score
Docking stories made at sea
Leave sand-prints by my door.



K. Greenaway

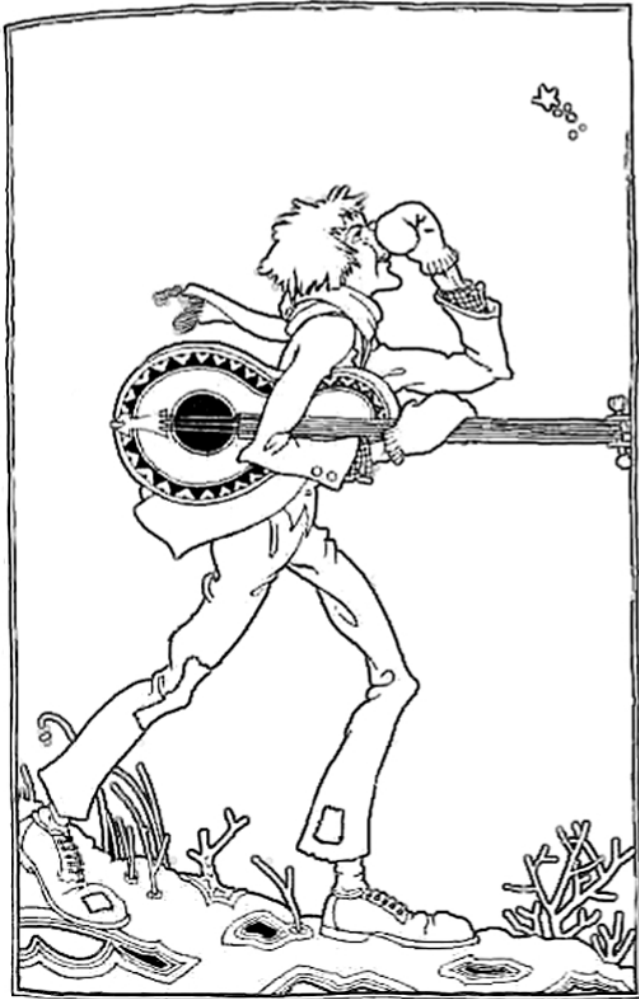
Choices forge new upward links
Every turning of the day
Like stars born to the firmament
Beaming signs to guide the way.



W. Goble

One careless slip may tip - unfair
A lifetime's work to disrepair.

Though the day is late
The north star awaits
A fixture in our future.



M. & M. Petersham

North, south, east and west
Round the sun we spin.

Hold me like a pillow soft
A calming sway
Nurture peace...
Rock me into sleep.



B. Greer

Creatures settled in the deep
Prowl and hover the sound of sleep.

No memory of a night distraught
Washed up at dawn, no message brought.

Come let us pray
“Lord, rescue dreamers
Nipped and frayed.”

Praise God for mama's wakeful eyes
She steers them from a sheep's disguise.



W. Thomas

Upon the ridge, children run
Refreshed and bright
Have their fun.



M.E. Edwards

Her little lambs
They hop the fence
Count them one, count them all.

The calm where stardust falls
Come dawn
You may recall.



J.O. de Bréville, and J. Willcox Smith

Before my first breath
After the last -
Not more than love.



A. Beardsley

Between it all
We'll all recall -
Not more than love.

Oh placid, waxin' waning breath
Oh silent pulse within
The aspect of a miracle
On loan till I ascend.



W. Pogany

Stardust Lullaby

Sleepy hues
Sleepy you
Drift into
A new cocoon.

Spun in silk
Laced in stars
Then, until...



Anonymous

Love Is The Gospel

On and on,
Love abides to weave our bond with fallen tears
To brighten our lives with a glimmer
Of all the Lord promises
To this broken down world.

Love is the Gospel
The good news
We still choose to ignore
As we plunder through our chores.



Unknown illustrator

King Arthur,
“Old customs pass and new ones come.
God makes his world better in many ways.

The Round Table did its work
And now has disappeared;
but something else will surely come
To advance the cause of truth and justice.

Pray for me and for yourself.
More things are done by prayer
Than this world dreams of.

And now, farewell...”



W. Pogany., and text by M.L. Radford



J.R. Neill

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In the following bibliography the star symbol * denotes the original picture has been modified - in addition to cropping.

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- By Alphonso Mucha, 'Slavepic,' poster for Mucha Exhibition Museum,
Brooklyn, 1921, (*girl at top*).....FC
- By Howard Pyle from the book, "Lady Of Shalott," by Alfred Tennyson,
- Dodd Mead & Co., New York, 1881, (*castle scene*).....FC
- By H. Willebeek Le Mair from "Our Old Nursery Rhymes," by Alfred Moffat,
- G. Shirmer, New York, - A. & C. Black, London, 1911, (*girl at bottom*).....FC
- By Maxfield Parrish from the book, "Dream Days," by Kenneth Grahame,
- The Bodley Head, New York, 1902, (*boy at bottom*).....FC

Back cover – logo illustration

- By John R. Neill from the book, "The Patchwork Girl Of Oz,"
by L. Frank Baum, - Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago, 1914.....BC

Front pages – Illustrations

- By Robert Anning Bell from book, "Modern Book Illustrators," by M.C. Salaman,
- "The Studio" Ltd., London, Paris, New York, 1914
- J.M. Dent and Sons, (original book title and year unknown).....4
- By R.H. Sauter from the book, "Awakening," by John Galsworthy,
- C. Scribner's Sons, New York, 1920 ca.....5
- By Mabel Lucie Attwell from the book, "Peter Pan And Wendy,"
by J.M. Barre, - Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1921.....5
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- By John R. Neill from the book, "The Enchanted Castle,"
- Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia, 1906.....7

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- Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia, 1906.....10
- By Walter Crane from book "Queen Summer" - Cassell & Co., London, 1891...11
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by Robert Louis Stevenson, - Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1905.....11
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- Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1911, and
- Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1912 *12
- By Jennie Harbour from book, "My Book Of Fairy Tales," by Edric Vredenburg
- Raphael Tuck & Sons, London, and - David McKay Co., Phila, 1921 *13
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- Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., New York, 1918 *15
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by Eugene Field and Kenneth Grahame, - Scribner, New York, and
- John Lane, London, copyright Julia Sutherland Field, 1897.....16

By M.E.E. from the publication, "Little Folks," magazine, December, 1884.....	17
By Charles Folkard from the book, "Jolly Calle And Other Swedish Fairy Tales," by Helena Nyblom, - J.M Dent & Sons, Ltd., London, and - E.P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1912 ca.....	18
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By Kate Greenaway from her book, "Marigold Garden," - reissued by Frederick Warne & Co. Ltd., London, New York, - George Routledge & Sons, London, 1 st edition, 1885.....	20
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By Howard Pyle from the book, "The Wonder Clock," by Howard & Katherine Pyle, - Harper & Rowe Publishers, London, New York, Evanston, 1887, - Anna Poole Pyle, 1918.....	26
By Horace Baker from "St. Nicholas," <i>An Illustrated Magazine</i> , - Century Co., New York, and T. Fisher Unwin, London, 1891.....	27
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“The love of God
Is poured forth abundantly
Into our hearts
Through the Holy Spirit
That is given to us.”

Romans 5:5

TWO RINGS, ONE CIRCLE

For every breath you draw in
~ So precious and fragile ~
May the pulse of each heartbeat
~ Overcome the din ~
Embraced by this kiss.

Listen as you will
All hurts God will heal.
Amid the echo of 'I love you'
This bond - ever seals.

Oh bride of mine!
Through hard times
I am here ~ As I am
Patient and kind?

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W. Crane